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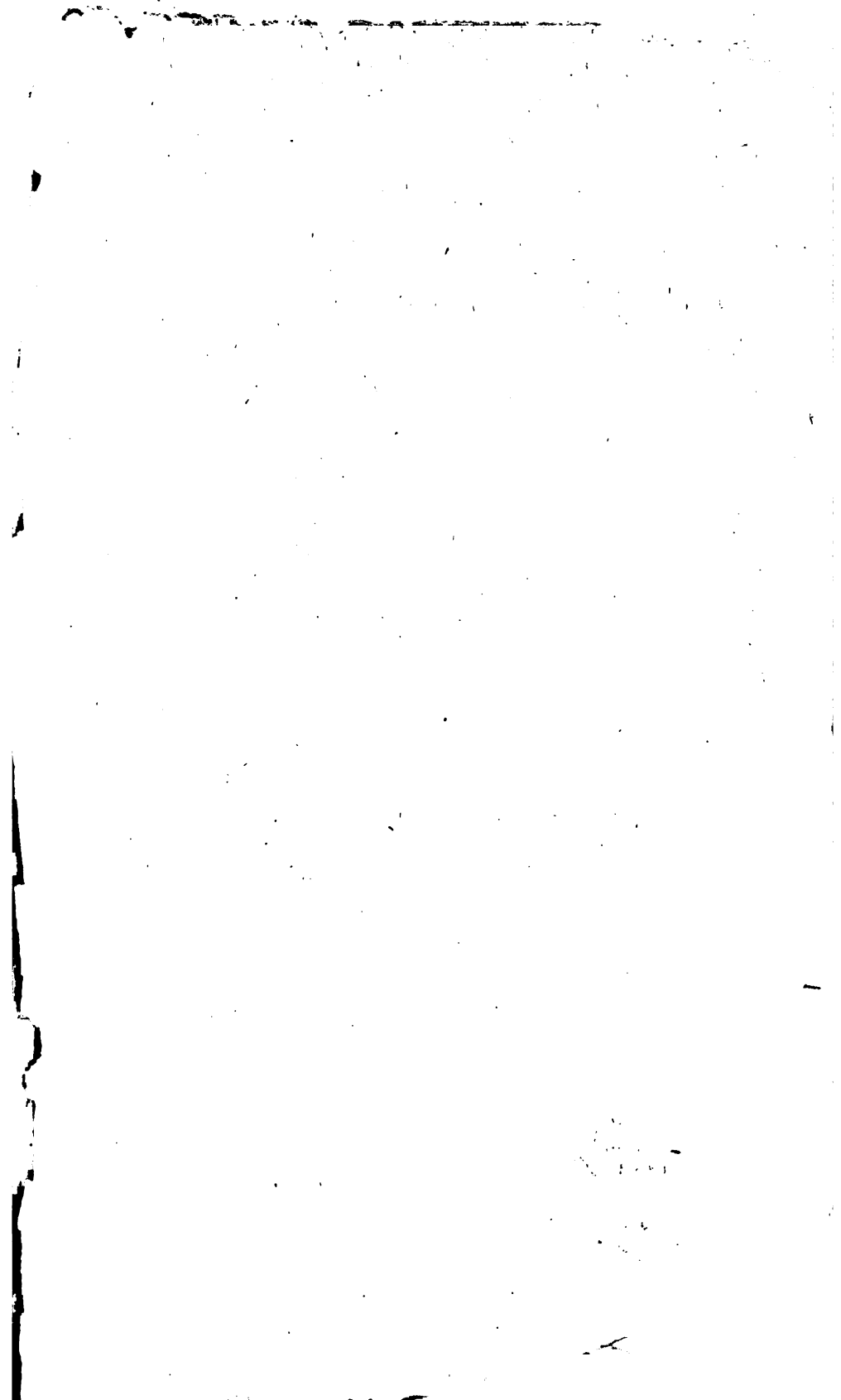
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T H E

L E T T E R

T O T H E

MOST INSOLENT MAN ALIVE,

A N S W E R E D.

—— Quid RIDES? mutato Nomine de re
Fabula narratur.

L O N D O N :

PRINTED FOR JOHN STOCKDALE, OPPOSITE
BURLINGTON-HOUSE, PICCADILLY.

1789,

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TO THE

MOST DIFFIDENT MAN ALIVE,

SIR,

AMONG the crowd of *sympathizing* friends, who affect to lament your downfall, but who have by their advice and influence so effectually contributed to it, will you permit a stranger to approach, and speak a language which few great men wish to hear, and none of their followers dare to utter ?

It is not, Sir, the whining cant of impotent condolence,—it is not the selfish sigh, which bursts from the bosom without af-

A 2

fecting

fecting the heart,—it is not the anticipating groan for a place about to be resigned, or a sinecure snatched from the hand which had already grasped it ;—it is—start not !—it is the Voice of TRUTH, which, however you may pretend to despise it, will vibrate through the shades of retirement, and from whose penetrating shafts you will fly to * in vain.

It has been said; that every *+ effect* should be equal to the object which it means to attain ; if the importance of *your* views is to be judged of by this axiom, how *exalted* must they be ! how *highly* are they to be rated ! with *such* sacrifices as you have made, so zealous an *high-priest* as you are,—the

* The Reader knows that *Holwood-House* is Mr. PITT's : but if any reader can point out the *local habitation* of Mr. SHERIDAN, the Editor will insert it in the next edition.

† The reader by this time sees how I have undertaken to *answer THIS*—" Out of thy own mouth," &c. As to this very extraordinary axiom, how the original author could tell us, " It has been said," I do not very well see. I may tell *my* readers so, because it *has* been said by YOU ; but I do not conceive it was ever said *before*, or will ever be said *again*.

deity you worship must be powerful, and the gifts he bestows invaluable.

Yet, if after the prophetic visions of your oracle, and the gilded scenes of a warm imagination, you should find, too late, that you have been deceived; if the splendid fabric of the dæmon vanishes into smoke, what must be your feelings and situation, when, though the Coup de Grâce is protracted awhile, that it may at length fall with redoubled force, your hopes as a minister, and your views as a statesman, have received an incurable wound.

Without a hand to heal, or a heart to sympathize with your sorrows, the balm of a Winchester address will be poured forth in vain; the *generous* Bedford considers your cause as sinking, Loughborough affects to be *modest*, and Cumberland *attempts* to speak.

The uxorious Prince will fly to his nuptial bower, and seek in the arms of fair and forty, for those pleasures which ambition
and

At ~~so~~ *early* a period did you commence the farce of *grimace and insult*, for a people against whom you meditated the *deepest injury*!

The honourable band of tradesmen throughout Westminster, who have been in the habit of ousting members, and setting seats in Parliament up to sale; who execrated, in the moment of popular frenzy, Mr. Fox, as a bold invader, begin to discover in plain English, that what they would not yield to the obvious desert of the gallant HOOD, has been pilfered from them by FARLETON's *manly* boasts of murder and rapes in America.

Happy had it been for this country, could your ambition have been satisfied to tread in the distant track of foreign crimes; we should not then have been enabled to trace your daring spirit, mounting by gradual succession, from court intrigue, stock jobbing, and a conspiracy with Jew brokers, to ruin the fortunes of your *dearest* friends
at

at home, and swindle on every occasion—the heir apparent of your Sovereign.

You made no allowance for an amiable Queen, surrounded by affliction and sorrow for the calamity of the best of husbands; nor for the dutiful and affectionate feelings of the most amiable daughters and sisters; but surely some decorum was due from a young Prince, on whom the future hopes of the nation rest, whose mind was neither *barrowed* nor * *raked* by filial distress, and whose conduct on this occasion even you and his *best* friends cannot but condemn.

Was it right, was it decent, for a *would-be* CONFIDENTIAL SERVANT of the Public to address the Prince of Wales to the following purport?

“ SIR,

“ After three months government with—
“ out a King, and daily endeavouring to

* We are confidently assured, that if his R—l H—s was *raked*, it was not by filial *distress*—but by the *late hours* of a petit soupée avec sa *petite fille de JOIE*.

B

“ make

“ make you drunk, that as your reason va-
 “ nished, your courage might feel equal to
 “ our rash and unwarrantable * advice †—
 “ You are *now*, in a *fit pickle* to be told,
 “ that your Father is not qualified to per-
 “ form the duties of the regal office ; but do
 “ not imagine that you are on this account
 “ the less in my power.—I have taken care
 “ daily to inculcate my favourite maxim,
 “ that as Regent, you are equally liable
 “ with any other individual in the kingdom
 “ to be made a drunkard and a fool. Will
 “ you accept the chair as the toast-master of
 “ me and my party ? Will *you* be the chair-
 “ man, while *I* and my companions im-
 “ pose the sconces ?

“ I have been a toad, but am now re-
 “ solved to have you for our toast-master.

* What does a man deserve who puts an instrument
 of drunkenness into the hands of a patient with weak
 intellects ; and then quivers with disappointment
 that his scheme has been ineffectual, and an effrontery
 which induces him to defend it ?—The *event* by no
 means justifies the *measure*.

† We presume the author alludes to his advising
 the heir apparent of his undoubted right to take pos-
 session of the empty CROWN.

“ If

“ If you refuse, I have a keen and powerful weapon in my hands: I have filled a tumbler of *salt and water* in the very seat of power, an eminence which commands every toad-eater at your table; it is completely stored with men, *money*, and provisions.

“ From the moment of your promotion, I will drench myself and companions; and as the powers of intellect at all times, in a *croppick* monarchy, become temperate with difficulty, I am resolved (notwithstanding my * *Bardolph* face) I am firmly resolved to inflame them by every means in my power. Under the specious banners of jollity and conviviality with my Prince and his *Consort*, I will tofs down a fourth bottle, however incompatible it may be with an English constitution.

“ Nor, am I without the most sanguine hopes, that from the disagreeable con-

* We have been at some pains to ascertain, in what degree of relationship the honourable gentleman stands to that BARDOLPH whose *nose* was said to have *mulled* the Thames.

“ditions annexed to the toast-mastership;
“you will be induced to refuse it.

“Conscious that *you* do not possess honour and manly spirit, one spark of which
“I am free to confess never inspired *my*
“breast, indecent songs and prophane sentiments, which one *gentleman* would not tolerate from another, shall not be wanting.

“By these and other *laudable* means, I
“perhaps may be able to confirm *myself* perpetual toast-master, and insure to myself and comrades, the key and the run of the cellar.”

After such an address, cloathed perhaps in easy and familiar words, to the only person whom our melancholy situation pointed out as your toast-master, let us pause.—Will you deny that your cheek turned pale at being told that THE KING WAS RECOVERED?—you started like a guilty thing, spilled your liquor with confusion, and confessed you were dished!

So chap-fallen were you, that you would have stood the same *thunderstruck thing* till this time, but for the spirited address of A WOMAN——

“ SIR,

“ I am about to weep—but thinking, that

“ We are a Queen—or long have dream’d so—certain

“ The Wife of a PRINCE—my drops of tears

“ I’ll turn to sparks of fire.”

Had your new-modelled system been carried into execution, when you would have put our *rescued* * Sovereign upon board wages, which, were *you* to be his minister, never would have been heard of; what defence should we have had against you, but being THE LEAST PLAUSIBLE, MOST FOUL SPOKEN, consequently THE LEAST DANGEROUS but most unfortunate MIDDLE AGED MAN THIS KINGDOM EVER BEHELD ?

* RESCUED,—because the Constitution, the two Houses of Parliament, and the laws already tie up *your* hands—and perchance the *police* may hereafter tie up *your neck*.

Is it any reparation for the active malignity of your mischievous intriguing spirit, to be told that the lords of the bedchamber *are* secure, that a gentleman usher is in no danger of losing his place, and that a clerk of the kitchen shall not be dismissed ?

Need you be told, with all your merits as a financier and an *œconomist*, a reputation which (if you possess it) you must have stolen, for you never deserved it ; need you be told, at what an expence you have secured a retreat for your party, and an address to the Regent ?

But in this, as in every other instance of your life, you have not the address to disguise a bare-faced opposition trick under an alluring popular mask,

It would have been too shocking a sight for the *wise* men of Ireland to see *you*, the paragon of moral rectitude, the phoenix of expiring temperance, creating court patronage, and confessing yourself the humble minion of a *cloaked* government,

You,

You, who stand forth to stem the torrent of corruption, and to restore the exhausted finances of a kingdom, had better, as you will now have leisure, employ a portion of it, (perhaps all will not be sufficient) in recruiting your own.

Rest satisfied that the dignity of the King's person *will* be preserved at *every* expence; the feelings of the nation *are* worked up to a sufficient pitch by a sympathy that does it honour. No tear of common humanity hath recommended *YE* as *MEN*; nor are *WE* betrayed to consent to a violation of the Constitution !

So unsuccessful have your experiments been in imposing on the people of this country, that your fatigued mind had better now relax from new and ineffectual projects of deceit, and as you have *played your part* so seldom without detection, you need no longer persevere in exhibiting your ingenious *transparent devices*.

Gilt

Gilt as your poisonous pill was with a thin outside of princely attachment, *economy*, and commercial advantage, yet the stupid, undiscerning crowd would not swallow at all, much less with avidity, the nostrum, and the *polished periods* of the Quack.

In quackery as in politics, tumid promises and irrational credulity can neither resist or triumph over the evidence of the most stubborn facts.

Surrounded with disease and death, the alarmed patient needs not to be told, that the remedy is as injurious as it is deceiving, that it aggravates the very complaint it professes to cure, and that the MOUNTERANK is a contemptible pretender.

Your countrymen, Sir, find with sorrow and surprise, that *you* substitute DECLAMATION for argument; that in opposition to plain facts, which stare you in the face, you obtrude a practical display of deceitful CHANCES and unavailing calculations; and instead of adopting a fair, open, and creditable *establishment*, evade *duration* in the intricacies

tracacies of Carleton-house entry, pursue a dark and hasty cut to BROOKS's, and, pluming yourself on your *devoted pigeons*, become again the fiddle of the company, and are *played upon* accordingly.

But the time is now at hand, when your character is universally understood, and a plain man may venture to assert, that *debts* and *executions* are no proof of skill in finance; that increasing burthens to diminish them, is a paradox in *æconomy*, and that the deranged and *unsettled* state of your family cannot possibly reflect any credit on you as a husband, a father, or a MAN,

Yet under these *barren* circumstances have your professed patrons, who in their attempts to *shelter* you, so effectually damn'd your credit; with this *temporary protection* have they essayed to build you an asylum, which a little time, a little experience, and a little *tipstaff*, will level to the ground,

The shattered state of your *finances* holds forth an useful lesson to posterity; it will teach them to shun those meretricious arts
 C which

which you have so ineffectually practised, to procure *credit* without the *intention of payment*.

Few men ever possessed in a greater degree than yourself the attracting tinsel of speechification, the gewgaw foil of oratory, so attractive to women and children, but none were ever less qualified to pass through the trying furnace of the refiner; every criterion of sterling metal is wanting to stamp it into real value; the counterfeit is quickly discovered, "his Majesty's countenance shines not upon it," nor will it ever be current.

You were seated at the convivial board in the prime of *conspiracy*, with strong hope, choice wine to drown family care, and an indulgent Prince at your elbow, as your toast-master.

With fair probability you might have looked forward to a long administration, and in a few years might have filled every department of church and state (if any such
were

were *fit* to fill them) with relations and family dependants.

You might have projected, Oh *Nestor*, in maturity of judgement! future *Irish addresses*, without submitting to the disagreeable necessity of making them greater fools than they were before, by causing them to be advertised as curiosities, by *turning them inside out*, and then sending them home rather *wiser*, though somewhat *poorer*, than they came.

The *blunders* of that people, which you, in league with gamesters, drunkards, and wits, have made more notorious, in time might have ceased to be proverbial.

A substitute for the shop tax would perhaps have been devised, when you had sufficiently satisfied the demands of a *particular* description of men.

Without drawing on yourself the charge of avowed peculation, you might in some other more ingenious way have diminished your debts, under the cover of increasing the

revenue; in time, perhaps, your pertinacious adherence to this mean and disgraceful oppression might have been rendered unnecessary.

Perhaps a second India bill (let not Charley be uneasy, for I will not dwell long on the subject) a second India bill would have presented itself, and have enabled you to deceive the public by a visionary prospect of advantages it was never framed to produce.

For the sake of putting two or three millions into the pockets of yourself and Co. who I dare affirm would have been grateful to your country, you were guilty of an unwarrantable deception, and would have transferred a valuable portion of commercial profit to Brooks's market.

I will not deny, that this your favourite master-stroke of policy would have extirpated honesty, and would have given us in gaming (your favourite amusement) no equivalent for what you robbed us of; unfortunately the *faro* trade revives with more than its usual vigour, and the pigeons at Brooks's
feelingly

feelingly tell us how *cheap* they buy their experience.

Had it been your happy lot to have *scrambled* into office, what advantageous prospects were in view! you might have matured the insignificance of your blundering brother into some apology for *ratting*; an Irish peerage might have secured his *knack at an address*, from the absurdity of so *gracious* a reception at Carleton House; the suspicious brow of Fox might have been smoothed; the extravagant chimeras of the gunpowder genius of BURKE; the *unmanly* strokes levelled at a *fallen* man; the blasphemous profanations of his tongue might perchance have been restrained by a little common sense, and sooner or later, after your repeated entreaties, and being continually pulled down by GREY, might have been prevailed on to hold his tongue.

With such desirable events in view, how cruel is your disappointment! your wild ambition and unconstitutional measures have precluded you from the emoluments of office, and the instant *that* is discovered, the
relent-

relentless hand of the tipstaff, whom you have so often *familiarly* asked to sit down, will return the obligation by providing you a seat—not in the King's Council—but in the KING'S BENCH.

Though mock loyalty and princely personal attachment, that *flimsy* texture in which you wrapped up your purposes, have very near blown you even in *that* quarter—I think you may trust your future arts will never be again so totally defeated by the watchful guardians of the Constitution, from the *imperfect* knowledge you have afforded them of your *character*.

Though the path of greatness and glory is barred against you as a minister and a statesman for ever, nature, and indeed your education, have eminently qualified you for the bar; in the House, you are too well known to be able any longer to impose on the country gentlemen; they begin to smell a RAT.

The King's Bench, where your *friend* presides, and where you will meet with
many

many old acquaintances, opens its friendly doors; with your *blue coat*, your *buff waist-coat*, and the fourth part of an hackney coach *gratis*, you may sink with safety into a respectable *bencher*.

Those arts which you have so unhappily exerted against your Prince and your Country, will be valued by *swindling insurers* and *perjured bankrupts*. With *pity-exciting* diction, *purse-opening* phraseology, and hackneyed forms of words, you may pen the petitions of insolvent debtors, and extort compassion from the credulous; you may command the attention of STONEY BOWES, and probably excite his gratitude. The *turnkey* will not turn up his *nose* at you, if the Benchers who complain of such an *incumbrance*, furnish you with the *ready* in payment for what they daily set you to do.

With all BURKE's powers of face, will He dare assert that a *tie-wig and spectacles* are proper, consistent, or even compatible with the horrors of coercion, the darkened room, the bold MONRO and his separate crew?

In pity, Sir, to human nature, in pity to the prostrate majesty of Kings, why did you tear aside with a rude hand the wholesome veil which covered the misfortunes of our Sovereign, and endeavour by mock solemnity and a superfluous display of *soft humanity*, to throw an insult on National distress?

I said you were *unmanly*; to which I will add, that you are most *contemptible* and *despicable*.

It is not your private life, *humane* beyond the example of modern times; it is not that forbidding, unsocial *parsimony*, for which you are indebted to the *poverty* of your *purse*, that I have any right or inclination to censure.

The traits in your character, which excite the apprehensions of all unprejudiced men, are the specious professions of disinterest; the sententious morality; the sanctified, hypocritical appeal to justice, and plausible exterior of *humanity*; *hot-headedness*, which no reasoning or expediency can
cool

cool or restrain ; and a dauntless *blasphemy*, which no private man can possess without danger to his senses here, and to his soul hereafter.

Against a combination of such dangerous qualities my countrymen are guarded ; a man of your description is so well qualified, as a minister, to ruin his country, under pretence of preserving it ; and in OPPOSITION, so much in the habit of retarding the measures of Government, by tampering with RATS, that you cannot be provided against too cautiously.

With all the palpable foulness of your principles and declarations, with all your affected firm integrity, you are not ashamed to practise the corrupt arts of the most inveterate Beelzebub of Opposition, and to dabble in the most despicable manœuvres.

If the *barrenness* of your *pocket*, or royal favour, so fruitful in creating *resources*, should doom you to slumber away your old age in the House of BEDLAM,

“ In vulgum ambiguas spargere voces,”

D

shall

shall be your motto; while "Tom's a-cold," and a double-faced Janus, looking like Mr. Wilkes, two ways at once, shall be your characteristic supporters.

With what decency, with what *common* feelings of a man, could you be so inhuman as to introduce *such* mention of the King's calamity, when you knew at the same time (yes, and your heart trembles within you at the awful TRUTH) that the ALMIGHTY could without your good-natured officiousness, as suddenly restore HIM to his People, and replace HIM on his THRONE!

It was a dastardly triumph; but like every other action of your life, carried an air of wild enthusiasm on the surface of it, which, at the same time it played your old game of making your PARTY feel and *blush* for you, wounded the feelings of a whole NATION, out of whose power you have put it ever to employ you, by this outrage on its acknowledged character for cheerfully alleviating misfortune, and comforting distress.

It

It was one of those prophane and prostituted perversions of oratory, which I presume you learnt at St. OMER's, by which a malicious *Jesuit* might irreparably injure a man, without ever being able to make reparation.

The *humane*, the feeling *mourner*, and *avenger* of eastern *oppression*, wishes for nothing more than to guard the nation against impiously resisting the ARM of OMNIPOTENCE, he (heaven protect him!) had no hellish purpose to answer by pronouncing this vile *blasphemy*, he could have no views in sowing the seeds of enthusiasm and *rebellion* in the public mind.

What but the most *amiable* motives could influence *his* conduct, by inculcating the will of Heaven's having deprived us of our rightful SOVEREIGN?

But, Sir, I trust a generous nation will be more ready to return fervent THANKS to HEAVEN for having in its MERCY most critically restored our beloved MONARCH to

the arms of his afflicted family, and to the CONGRATULATIONS of his affectionate people, than to a man who sacrifices every thing rational or decent to a *selfish* admiration of his own *voice* ; whose *rhetoric* commences in *flummery*, continues in prophana-tion, and ends in endeavours to mould the sacred forms of our constitution into a demo-cratic *anarchy* and *plunder*.

It is the fashion for you and your friends to prompt and encourage, " that worst of " insolence," the licentious conduct of the Prince.

Every one, with the *feelings* and *passions* of a *man*, *does* allow for his age and situa-tion. Fettered in the established forms of Royalty, he cannot *legally* gratify his wishes in the nuptial path : but nature, (perhaps I speak intelligibly to *you*) all powerful nature, *will* vindicate her rights.

He

He loves a fat woman, enjoys the dissipation of the turf, and (but for you and your CREW) would spend his income as becomes a Prince, in encouraging the arts, in splendour, elegance, and taste.

The science of *accumulation* he may *per-adventure* learn and practise at some remote period; and however his expences may exceed his income, *he has very fair precedents for messages to the Jews for more money.*

You are said occasionally to *amuse* your leisure hours with a **PLAY**; perhaps, while you have been sipping your tea, Moore's Gamester has occasionally occupied your attention.

Is it possible that you can have caught some congenial traits in the character of **STUKELY**, and that you think them worthy of imitation?

While **BEVERLY** was indulging the generous propensities of youthful ardour, and experiencing the amiable weakness of human nature

nature, his good, chaste, moral, sober friend STUKELY was ruining him with his WIFE and benefactress, and conspiring against his fame, his fortune, and his life.

But it is time to take my leave, which I shall do with a short question,

You were determined to support the Regent, *right or wrong*:—Should you ever have thought an Administration which you should have directed could do wrong?

After this *determination* which has left such ample room for unlimited mischief, can we be surprized to see you *again* conducting the regular old-concerted plan of OPPOSITION?

The staunch adviser, the cabinet counsellor of a rising Prince, will reconcile his duty to his interest, and harraß and perplex the measures of his Father.

In this case, you may again expect to catch

A TARTAR.



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